

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, November 19, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Washington, D. C. Nov. 19th (1904.) My dear Alec:

I was so mad when yesterday afternoon my morning's scribble turned up from the stable! It was not worth sending except to save a mail and it didn't.

Mr. Gilman says there is already a Matric Society in America. I don't know if he belongs to it. He rather hesitated to promise to join yours where one binds oneself to go only to places where one can get the metre and kilo measure, but go ahead and finish your paper. One reason why I am curious to know how many times you wrote your appendix egg and tetrahedral letter and how, because it is all through one of the most beautiful things you ever wrote. Whatever one thinks of the reasoning or subject matter there is no doubt of the force and beauty of the language and the clearness with which your point of view is given. How many times did you rewrite it and did you dictate it first. If it is first hand fresh and warm like your new laid egg from mind and heart, then please let us have only new laid eggs, and if you don't like one, destroy it entirely and lay another, don't fuse with the old ones.

We went to the unveiling of Frederick's statue and I saw the President speaking for the first time and it appealed to me. Every gesture was so unstudied and so characteristic, one felt it was characteristic whatever you knew or did not know of the man, so informal and easy. It was his first public appearance since his election and he was greeted with great enthusiasm which meant a lot to coming from the audience he had. He occupied what was practically the stage of our open air theatre. In front was the orchestra or pit, the flat ground and on either side were the galleries rising tier above tier. All the people on the floor were the great men of America, grown old and gray and bald in her service, and even

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the occupants of the galleries were people of note, we had seats in one, and Mr. Langley sat close by unseeing. When the men on the floor arose and uncovered to the President every head seemed gray or bald, stately and dignified. One thought of the old Senators of Rome sitting quietly in the Forum when the Gotha saw them. Those were the men who cheered and clapped the President and responded to his every argument with approval sometimes slightly, sometimes tumultuously, I could feel the difference, but always as he desired. The homage of such is worth having. There was a detail of six men standing rigid as statues in front of the tribune, eyes straight ahead, white gloved hands motionless at sides, and they stood thus immovable during the 2 hours.

Much love, Mabel.